

ESTABLISHED 1869.

Published every morning except Monday by The Anderson Intelligencer at 140 West Whitner Street, Anderson, S. C.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER Published Tuesdays and Fridays

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Entered as second-class matter April 23, 1914, at the post office at Anderson, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES

Telephone 321

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with 2 columns: Rate type (Daily, Semi-weekly) and Price (One Year, Six Months, Three Months, One Month).

The Intelligencer is delivered by carriers in the city.

Look at the printed label on your paper. The date thereon shows when the subscription expires.

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To insure prompt delivery, complaints of non-delivery in the city of Anderson should be made to the Circulation Department before 9 a. m. and a copy will be sent at once.

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Rates will be furnished on application. No advertising discontinued except on written order.

The Intelligencer will publish brief and rational letters on subjects of general interest when they are accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors and are not of a defamatory nature.

Order to avoid delays on account of absence, letters to The Intelligencer intended for publication should be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but to The Intelligencer.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1915.

WEATHER FORECAST

Showers Tuesday, clear on Wednesday, Wednesday showers.

Reports may yet have to salute the...

Beyond the Alps lies the censor, as...

The El Centro earthquake shook...

We challenge any editor-gardener in...

...Thaw, 's his latest trial, ...

That editor who is able to cut a suit...

When it comes to convicting on circumstantial evidence, your neighbors...

An exchange remarks that peroxide has knocked all the sentiment out of...

General French of the British army recommends...

...Sunday's former secretary is accused...

A writer in the London Outlook says...

The perishing power of the American...

...a bloodthirsty mob in Atlanta hissed...

MR. McLENDON'S SINCERITY.

In mingling with the people of the city and speaking of the McLendon meeting which is at present creating so much interest in this section of the state, the two things that seem to impress everyone most is his sincerity and the plain way in which he goes about his work of preaching the gospel.

These two qualities alone are worth a great deal and they can teach most people a great lesson. Only eight years ago last October the evangelist decided to become a preacher of the gospel and since that time he has devoted every minute of his time and every ounce of his energy in preparing himself in order that he might better succeed in his mission.

On account of this attention to the preparation for his work and because of the sincerity in which he goes about it, he is making a great success and he promises to become one of the most noted evangelists of this generation.

If every man or woman would be as sincere in following up their duties and would spend as much of their time as possible in the preparation for their profession, there would be more successes today and less failures. Sincerity is one of the greatest attributes any business man can have, and the better prepared he is for his work, if he is sincere, means that he will meet with just that much more success.

BUSINESS MEN AND SHIPPING.

The referendum taken by the United States Chamber of Commerce shows, at least, that the majority of the country's business men think about the re-establishment of our shipping. They want a merchant marine worthy of the nation's political and commercial standing.

But they want no government ownership, under any arrangement. By a vote of 698 to 82, commercial bodies throughout the country declare against federal ownership and operation, and by a vote of 711 to 54 they oppose federal ownership with private operation.

What they do want is private ownership with federal subsidy. The vote in favor of "subsidies from the government sufficient to offset the difference in cost between the operation of vessels under the American flag and operation in the same deep sea trade routes under foreign flags" stood 588 for and 186 against.

A much larger majority favored government aid in the form of subvention "to establish regular mail and freight lines under the American flag to countries in which the commercial interests of the United States are important, and to American dependencies."

It remains to be seen whether the public in general, which is not so well organized as the business interests, and is far more difficult to canvass, will agree with the chambers of commerce. "Subsidy" had always had an unpleasant sound to most American ears.

General French of the British army recommends "for gallantry and distinguished service in the field" fifty-eight women of the military nursing service.

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"GERMANS WE HAVE KILLED."

The question of the quantity of munitions supplied to the allies arouses increasing bitterness in Germany and increasing sensitiveness in America.

German statesmen and editors, however, are not likely to persuade us to stop the arms traffic by such absurd misrepresentations as they have been guilty of. A member of the German war board, amplifying rumors that have echoed through Germany, told an American correspondent that 300,000 German soldiers have been killed or wounded by American bullets and shells.

Vast quantities of ammunition have been ordered, but little has yet been delivered and still less has been used. Whatever share our factories may have eventually in determining the outcome of the war, they have had slight effect thus far.

HOPE AT LAST.

At last the Great White Plague shows signs of coming defeat at the hands of the enemy. The death rate from tuberculosis over the country at large is showing a decided decrease.

This gain in life-saving does not come from any marvelous "cure," but simply from a long, gruelling struggle in educating public opinion in matters of hygiene. It means that nearly twice as many people now believe in the value of fresh air, sunshine and nourishing food in their every-day lives as in 1880.

One hundred and forty-six and six-tenths per 1,000 is not a cheerful rate to contemplate, even though it is better than 326. It means that one out of every ten people of one's acquaintance is going to die of tuberculosis until it improves.

The official distributor of news at Petrograd must be the guy that puts the lies in the allies.—Greenville Piedmont.

SUPPRESSING A JINGO PAPER.

It is hard for Americans to get up any enthusiasm over the suppression of press freedom under any circumstances, and yet there is a certain satisfaction in the German government's treatment of the Bellin Tagesspiegel.

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CLEMSON'S GREAT YEAR.

This is the greatest year in the history of Clemson College. Notwithstanding the privations incident to a depreciation in a portion of revenues, the college has managed to do a splendid work.

At the commencement a few days ago there was graduated a class of 107, half of whom received diplomas in the agricultural department. The significance of this statement may not appear unless we add that Clemson was established as the farmer's college, to teach farming—and it did not.

For some years Clemson College seemed to get away from the conception of a farmers' college, and the scientific schools were favored. The editor of The Record recalls one graduating class even within the last 10 years, when of about 100 members, only a half dozen took the agricultural course.

The whole department of agriculture has been given substantial backing and the sons of Clemson rejoice that so many this year desired to become sons of the soil.

GEORGIA-CAROLINA PRESS.

The Song That Bryan Sings. He that does not fight, but runs away, may live to fight another day.—Bryan.—Valdosta Times.

Difficult to Get Onto. If peace should finally come to Mexico it would assuredly be that peace that passeth understanding.—Brunswick Banner.

The Engine House Rules. In Augusta they ask applicants for positions on the fire department how much corn a horse should be fed each day.

The Munitions of War. The manufacture of munitions of war is engaging the attention of England. This is perhaps safer than standing up having the munitions shot at you.—Rome Tribune.

Odds Are on the Europeans. As gloomy as the outlook may appear, we are willing to take a chance at predicting that the European war will be over before there is peace in Mexico.—Greenwood Journal.

A New Way of Putting It. No, gentle reader, you do not owe us anything. Your subscription is either paid in advance or you are simply carrying around some of our money.—Barnwell People.

The Fellow Who Is on the Job. The official distributor of news at Petrograd must be the guy that puts the lies in the allies.—Greenville Piedmont.

WIT AND HUMOR.

My employes divide their time between the cloak and the mirror. Mine, too. And soon the thermometer will be in the running.—Pack.

Husband—Is this butter perfectly fresh? Wife—The dealer told me it was just from the crematory.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Daughter, who was that young Lucretia honking in front of the house last night? It was Montmorency, father. Sixteen honks means "I love you."—Life.

Lady Customer—Yes, this is better weather now. Some people think all the rain we had a little time ago was caused by the firing of heavy guns in Belgium.

I suppose you are saving up for a rainy day? No, replied Farmer Corntoccol. Out this way we pray for rain. I'm saving up for a drought.—Washington Star.

Hobson—No; if it's odible it goes into the hash, and if it isn't it will do to trim a hat.—Judge.

With the Wits. Le Captain—You may have one wish gratified before you die. L'Espion—May I choose the place in which I shall be shot. Le Captain—Certainly. L'Espion—I wish—I wish to be shot in the arm.—The Widow.

Chauncey Depew says the world is losing its sense of humor. I expect he's right. You think so? He seems to have the proof. The world no longer laughs at his jokes, and they are the same jokes with which he won many a laugh fifty years ago.—Houston Post.

ABOUT THE STATE.

77 Straight Hits. Mr. John I. Chipley has returned from Birmingham, Ala., where he took part in the Alabama State Trip Shoot.

Graham Flour. Our good friend, Mr. D. M. McKoy, brought The Enterprise a sack of Graham flour from his mill.

Rob Cornerstone? On Wednesday night last some miscreant removed from the front of the First Baptist church of this city, the marble tablet bearing the date of the erection of the building.

He's Some Man. A woman who was rolling a baby carriage down the east side of North Main street this morning, probably owes her health, and possibly her life, as well as the health or life of her baby, to the strength and courage of Chief of Police J. P. Noe.

Well Filled Song Books. There will be an all-day singing and also memorial services at Camp creek church the fourth Sunday in June.

46 Years a Subscriber. Mr. J. Sol Hendrix, one of our old war comrades and one of the best men in the county, is able to be out again, after having been confined to his home by serious illness.

Bless Me Life, a Knock! We notice that a dispatch from Greenwood says the railroad is sure to be built from that place to Saluda.

Seller Gasque. It is good to see Solicitor Gasque in charge of the state's business in our present sessions court.

Hunt for Color Effects. It does not seem that dye factories have been going up with a rush anywhere in the United States as a result of the alarm talk that followed the scuttling in the importation of German dyes.

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Advertisement for B.O. Evans & Co. featuring a man and woman in a shop setting. Text includes: "Think this over with yourself. Do you like to buy in an exclusive shop where the suits are arranged so you can view them without loss of time?"

PRESS COMMENT

(Richmond Times-Dispatch.) Robert Louis Stevenson loved war, and in his intervals of illness, when he was prostrated and unable to write, played an elaborate war game with his little stepson.

And now the United States Army plans to do away with mules. Some kind of automobile will take his place. War is sufficiently unromantic and mechanical at present.

The Experience of One Battalion. If the experience of the First West-ern Ontario battalion in the fighting near La Bassee on June 15 were typical the war could not last very long because the armies would speedily wipe each other out.

There's been the usual "patriotic" hurrah over the launching of the new superdreadnaught Arizona. She is described as the most powerful ship afloat, the queen of the seas, etc., etc.

It is almost impossible to realize, however, how great the slaughter really is. When one man is killed in days of peace it attracts the attention of the whole community.

The Canadians proved their valor and the Germans proved their ability to kill. When the fight was over both sides were in their original positions. The net result was that both lost heavily and back home in Canada and Germany were new widows and orphans and more sorrowing mothers.

Patience—One who makes a mistake. Patience—Will you be making a mistake for the Queen Elizabeth for the ship reason that the former's speed is knots and the latter's speed more knots.